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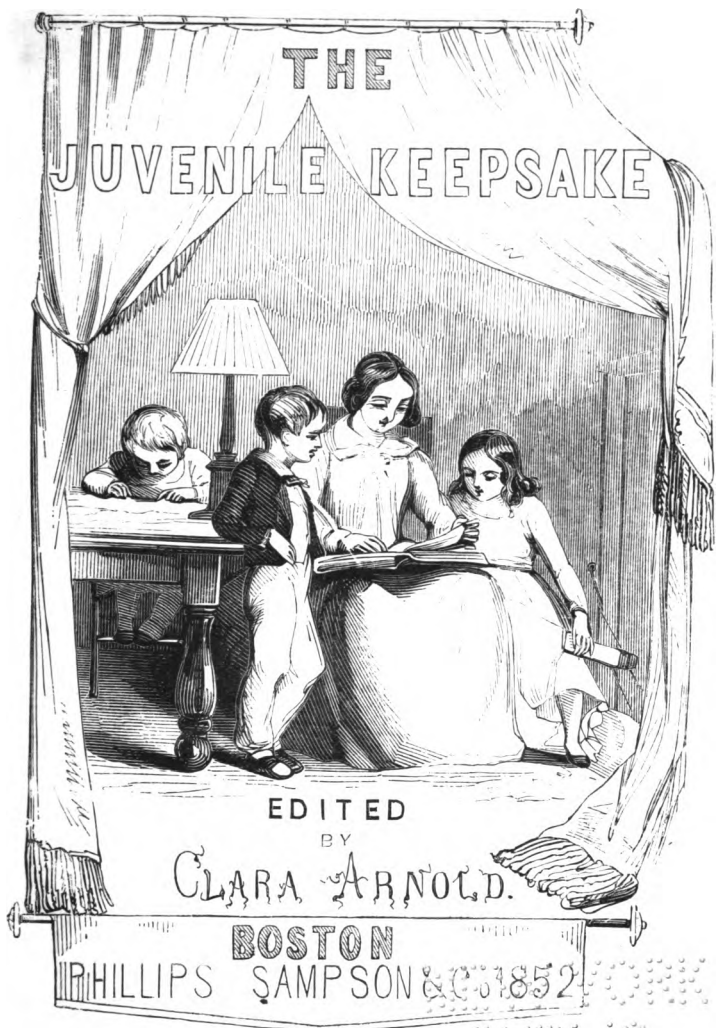
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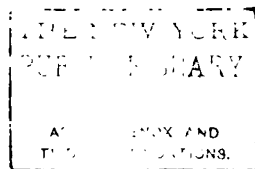
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BY

CLARA ARNOLD.

BOSTON

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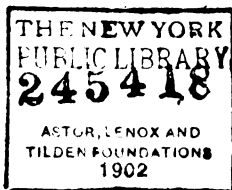
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THE
JUVENILE KEEPSAKE;
A
GIFT BOOK
FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY
CLARA ARNOLD.

ILLUSTRATED.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the preparation of the little book now at hand, the proprietors have employed such editorial and artistic labor as will secure freshness, both in letter-press and illustrations, and, they trust, well worthy of its attractive title.

Should it make a heart happier, or a face more smiling, its publication will not have been in vain ; and that it may instruct, while it amuses, is the ardent wish of

THE PUBLISHERS.

Boston, Sept. 1851.

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THE

JUVENILE KEEPSAKE.

THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

“WHAT a beautiful present of books we have, Adolphe! the prettiest we have ever received on a Christmas eve,” said little Dora Pratt, as, on the morning of Christmas day, the son and three daughters of Mr. Pratt assembled in their father’s study, to examine at leisure the rich Christmas gifts of the previous evening. The toys and sugar-plums were soon disposed of. A few of the latter were eaten, and the rest, with the toys, were laid away on a table. Such things gratify but for a short

time. The books were reserved to the last, as the most precious and most deserving of attention. It was a pleasant sight, this group of rosy-cheeked children, enjoying, with quiet delight, the rich literary and artistical treat with which their excellent and liberal father had thought proper to signalize the joyous occasion of the Christmas holidays.

There were annuals with rich engravings, embellished copies of popular poets, and illustrated books of voyages and travels. Adolphe was seated in the old-fashioned Gothic chair,—one of the many thousands that are said to have come over to Plymouth in the Mayflower,—and the girls were on stools or the carpet itself, examining with great attention the beautiful engravings in those large and richly-bound volumes.

“I am glad,” said Adolphe, in reply to Dora’s remark, “that father has given us books, nothing but books. They last forever, while sugar-plums, and toys, and ornaments, such as our aunts and cousins have sent us, soon get used up or lost.”

“Our other friends,” said Annie, the grave, thoughtful one of the sisters, “want to give us pleasure just for the holidays, to make us exclaim with delight when the parcel is opened on Christmas eve. But father looks forward. He is always thinking of our happiness and usefulness in life.”

“Yes,” said Adolphe, “his object is to give us pleasure and improvement at the same time,—to mingle the *utile* with the *dulce*.”

“How learned some people are, who know a little Latin!” said Dora, laughing.

“You know what I mean, very well, my

little doll," said Adolphe, kindly, "and you would give up your toys and all your other playthings, rather than have me ignorant of Latin."

"That I would, Adolphe ! you are my only brother, and I do hope and trust you will be a great man, one of these years," replied Dora.

"Say, rather, a good and useful man," said Annie.

"That is what I mean," said Dora ; "the most useful men, of course, are greatest."

At this moment the study door opened, and their father entered.

"What is it you are discussing so earnestly ?" he inquired.

"We were arguing," said Adolphe, "that useful men are the real great men."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Pratt ; "but

what is useful? Let us understand your ideas of utility."

"I take it that Fulton, and Franklin, and Morse, are to be considered useful," said Adolphe,—"more useful than all the warriors in the world."

"Not quite so fast, Adolphe," said Mr. Pratt; "Washington was a warrior, and I suppose it cannot be doubted that he was more useful than either of them, since the founder of a republic performs a higher use than the inventor of a steamboat, or a telegraph, or a lightning-rod."

"Well," said Adolphe, "warriors are useful, too, sometimes. But I like better good ministers, statesmen, teachers, and inventors of useful machines, discoverers, like Columbus and Vasco de Gama, and all those who are peaceful as well as useful."

"I understand your views," said Mr. Pratt, "but I must remark that all the classes of useful men which you have mentioned are useful on a great scale, and thus become distinguished men. Now, all persons cannot reasonably hope to figure in this way; and it seems to me that it will be more to the purpose for you children to learn some way in which you may be sure of becoming useful, even although you cannot do so in any way which will render you famous and distinguished. How do you propose to make it out?"

"Well," said little Dora, "I suppose we girls must learn to sew very well, and help mamma in her housekeeping."

"That is something," said Mr. Pratt, "but not all."

"We must earn some money, and buy cloth, and make it up for the poor," said Annie.

“And I must get learning, go to college, study a profession, and be a very good doctor, or lawyer, or minister,” said Adolphe.

“Very good,” said Mr. Pratt; “but there are higher uses than any of those, because they relate to a higher state of being. In these higher uses you may make a beginning on this blessed Christmas day; and that most appropriately, because the day will remind you of the example of our Lord, who teaches these uses in his blessed word. They consist in the constant observance of his law of love. He commands us to love the Lord, and also to love our neighbor as ourselves. By little acts of kindness, disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, among yourselves, my children, you can begin to acquire the habit of always consulting and seeking this

higher kind of usefulness. By living in obedience to the Golden Rule, you not only promote the happiness of each other and of your little circle of friends and acquaintance, but, without any ostentation of goodness, your example will quietly but surely recommend to all who observe you the religion which you profess. Nothing in the world is more useful than unpretending goodness and benevolence; for that points out the way to that better world, where all are happy in obeying the law of love."

Mr. Pratt paused. The children looked reverently upon their good parent's face, which radiated forth the noble sentiments he uttered. Little Annie was the first to break the silence which followed.

"Let us begin to-day; and this will indeed be a **HAPPY CHRISTMAS!**"

THE CHARITABLE BOY.

COME, sister, it is time to rise, —
This is the day for Christmas pies;
Come, do get up and make haste down,
And go with me to see Dame Brown.

I have a secret, too, to tell,
If you'll get up, my darling Bell,
About those geese which long ago
My father gave to me, you know.

Though then they were so very small,
Home in my hat I brought them all,
Yet now, my girl, they are so fat
You could not squeeze one in a hat.

You know you teased me long to tell,
When they were grown and fattened well,
What I designed with them to do;
And till this day you never knew.

But now, if you will come with me,
Dear sister, you shall quickly see ;
For one I mean to carry down,
With my minced pie, to poor Dame Brown.

The poor old soul, at least, my dear,
Shall have one feast in all the year ;
And to blind Samuel, who is poor,
Another goose shall go, be sure.

The third I'll give to poor Dick Fry,
And you for him may add your pie ;
Though sick, poor heart ! 't will do him good
To give his hungry children food.

To give them pies will be, no doubt,
Delightful, though we go without ;
For we, you know, have always food,
For every day things nice and good.

So, Isabella, let's away ;
We'll have the happiest Christmas day
We ever yet have known, I'm sure ;
For we shall feed the hungry poor.

EDMUND AND HIS DOG.

THERE was once a little boy named Edmund. He was generally mindful and good-natured; but he had one fault, of which his parents found it difficult to cure him,—he was too fond of delay. If he was sent upon a short errand, he would often stop by the road, and pass an hour in seeing the men mow down the grass. Or he would lean over the railing of the bridge that crossed the river, and gaze upon the water as it flowed swiftly underneath. Sometimes he would crook a pin, and, tying to it a piece of twine, throw it into the stream, to try his luck at angling. I suspect that he was never a very successful fisherman; although, occasionally, he used

to boast of having had a "glorious nibble."

Edmund was also very apt to be tardy at school. He would come running in, after all the other boys were seated, and would wonder that it was so late. It was in vain that his master reprimanded him, and that his parents advised him; his habit of delay still clung to him.

Among his other indulgences, Edmund had a dog, which was called, after one of its ancestors, Ponto. This dog was a good deal like his owner, of whom he was very fond. He would follow Edmund in his saunter to school, and lay upon the doorsteps until the boys were dismissed. Ponto would then wag his tail, and leap upon his young master, as if to let him know how glad he was to see him again. But Ponto, I am sorry to say, was a very mischievous

dog. He would hunt among the bushes, and when he found a little bird's nest with some pretty eggs in it, he would seize it in his mouth, and bound away, to lay it at the feet of Edmund. Ponto would also take a wicked pleasure in frightening the cat, and in exciting the anger of the old hen, with her brood of chickens.

One Saturday afternoon, Edmund asked leave to go and visit his cousin, who lived about a mile distant. His mother told him that he might go, if he would come back before five o'clock. Edmund promised that he would not stay beyond that time, and whistling for Ponto, he left the house. He had not walked far before he saw some large boys playing at foot-ball. Climbing a fence, he sat down to observe the game. Ponto stretched himself upon the ground, and sought amusement in catching the flies

which buzzed around his head. Suddenly, a great noise was heard in the road ; and, turning round, Edmund saw a horse running away with a chaise, in which a little girl sat, pale with terror. Several men were running after the horse ; and the boys immediately left their play, and joined in the chase. Ponto rose up, barked and leaped forward, as if to encourage Edmund to follow him. Edmund did not hesitate long, but jumped from the fence, and followed the other boys.

The horse ran nearly two miles before he was caught. The little girl was saved, although she was much frightened. Edmund felt very tired when he came up to the spot where the chaise was stopped. The little girl was carried home to her father and mother ; the horse was led back to the stable ; the men went to their

work, and the boys returned to their play. Edmund and Ponto remained alone.

It was now late in the afternoon. The sun was becoming less and less bright. Edmund sat down by the side of a brook to rest himself. He felt quite tired; but thought that he should be able to get home in good season. He concluded not to go to his cousin's house that afternoon. Seeing a piece of wood by his side, he threw it into the brook. Ponto jumped into the water, took the stick in his mouth, and brought it to Edmund. They played in this way till sunset, and then Edmund started up, and took the path towards his home.

The night was approaching fast. The crickets were chirping loudly from all sides, and everything seemed to be settling into repose. Edmund tried to whistle, and

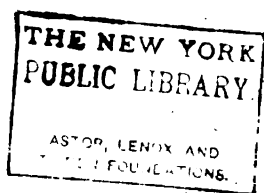
Ponto barked. The trees grew thicker as they advanced, and at last Edmund could not see a single light streaming through the leaves. He was not a timid child, and he hastened forward with a light heart. But soon he perceived that he had missed his way. He was very, very tired, and sat down on a large rock to repose himself. He thought of his situation, and sighed. Ponto leaped up, placed his fore-feet on Edmund's shoulders, and wagged his tail. Edmund sighed again. Ponto barked, and ran away.

Edmund stood up on the rock, and tried to call back the dog. But Ponto had forsaken him in his trouble, and he was now all alone. He could no longer keep from crying. His eyes were blinded with tears. The night grew darker and darker, and the grass was wet with dew.

After he had sat nearly an hour upon the rock, Edmund heard a loud rustling in the bushes. He was startled at the sound, but his fears were quieted when he heard the well-known bark of Ponto. The next moment the faithful creature was at his feet. There was then a sound of voices, and Edmund heard his name shouted by some one at a distance. Ponto again left him, but soon returned. Two men rushed through the bushes. One of them was Edmund's father, and the other, John, the servant-man.

Edmund returned in safety to his home. His mother had suffered the greatest anxiety on his account; and the family had been long in search of him. He learned a useful lesson from his adventure. From that moment, he overcome his idle and dilatory habits.

My young readers ! begin early to shun delay, for it is dangerous. Go straight forward in everything that you undertake, and never "linger by the road."





THE KITTENS.

THE KITTENS.

HERE are the kits and their mother,

One, two, three, four, five,

I can scarce tell one from another.

See how the darlings throng!

This little brown one is Tom,

And that little black one,

And as for the other three,

I leave their names to you.

Well, I will call the gray one Mew,

And the one with white one Snow,

And the ~~kit~~ with the shining eyes, coz,

We may as well call Tab,

There is the mother-puss, beside,

Pray what shall we call her?

I think as she's a good-natured,

We'll call the old pussy, Purr.



THE KITTENS.

HERE are the kits and their mother,
One, two, three, four, five !
I can scarce tell one from another, —
See how the darlings thrive !
This little brown one is Clover,
And that little black one is Sue,
And as for the other three, cousin,
I leave their names to you.

Well, I will call the gray one Rose,
And the one with white spots, Nab,
And the ~~kit~~ with the shining eyes, coz,
We may as well call Tab.
There is the mother-puss, beside,
Pray what shall we call her ?
I think as she's so good-natured,
We'll call the old pussy, Purr.

THE WAY TO DO GOOD.

“MAMMA, there is a poor boy in the lane, who has no shoes on his feet ; may I give him an old pair of mine ?”

“I do not know, Charles ; we must first learn how it is that he has no shoes. What did he say to you ?”

“O, he said he had no shoes ; and if I had an old pair that I did not want, he should be glad of them.”

“Well, my dear, I do not think you should give him your shoes, for I am not sure that it would be a good thing for him ; it might make him idle, and like to beg rather than to work, which would be a bad thing, you know ; so, you see, by giving him shoes, you would, perhaps, be doing

him harm, instead of good ; but I will tell you what you shall do : our man, John, wants a boy to help him in the garden ; so, if this boy likes to work, John may try him, and he can then soon earn enough to buy a pair of shoes."

"But how can he work in the garden without shoes?" said Charles ; "he will hurt his feet."

"I do not think it will hurt his feet a bit more to work in the garden than to walk in the road, Charles ; and if we can teach this boy to work for what he wants, instead of begging for it, we shall do him much more good than if we were to give him ten pairs of shoes, and a coat and hat into the bargain."

"Then may I go and speak to John about it ?" said Charles.

"You are not sure the boy will like to work, Charles."

“O, he will be sure to like it, mamma, when I tell him that he will get money to buy shoes, and all he wants besides.”

So away ran Charles, and spoke to the boy, who said he was quite willing to work in the garden ; and then Charles went to John, and told him all about it. John was a kind man, and was very fond of Charles, and was glad to do anything to please him ; so he soon set the boy to work, and told him that if he was a good lad he might come there to work for two or three months, and that he would be paid half a crown a week, and have his dinner besides.

Dan—that was the name of the boy—had no father or mother, for they were both dead ; and he lived with an old man who was his father’s uncle. But this old man did not take much care of him, or try to teach him what was right, or how to earn

his bread ; but let him run about with bare feet and ragged clothes, so that, although he was not a bad boy, he got into idle habits, and would beg for bread and meat, or for old clothes or money, and now and then he would get a penny for holding a horse, or running on some errand,—but that was not often. He had been so used to this idle way of life, that he soon got tired of work, and thought it was more pleasant to swing on a gate, or lie down under a hedge and go to sleep ; but he did not think, foolish boy ! of how he was to live when he grew up to be a man.

The first day and the next day he did very well ; but the third day he began to get careless, and told John he thought it very hard to have to come at six o'clock in the morning and work till six at night ; and he was sure, he said, that no boy in the

world would like it ; and he did not think he should come there many more days.

Now, it was a happy thing for Dan that John was such a good man as he was ; for some men would have sent him away, and have had no more to do with him : but John said to himself, " This boy has been badly brought up ; he has had no one to put him in the right way ; and if he goes back to his old mode of life, he will never do any good. I will save him, if I can ; for it would be a pity that he should go to ruin for want of a little good advice." Then he talked a great deal to him, and told him what a sad thing it would be if he grew up to be a beggar all his life, which would surely be the case if he did not learn to like work. " You do not know the comfort," said he, " of being able to get an honest living ; but when you do, I am sure

you will not wish to live an idle life. If you do not learn to work now, while you are young, what is to become of you by and by, do you think? How do you expect to get food to eat, clothes to wear, or a bed to lie upon? Come, my lad, take heart, and work with a good will, and who knows but, in time, you will become a rich man."

John spoke so kindly that the boy thought he would try a little longer; so he went on to the end of that week, and was paid half a crown. He had never had so much money in his life, nor had he ever felt so proud and happy as when he went into a shop, with the half-crown he had earned with his own hands, to buy a pair of shoes. "I see it is a good thing to work," said he; "if I go on, I shall soon get enough to buy a coat and a hat to go to church in."

And so he did, and he waited at the church-door till Charles and his mamma came out, that he might bow to them ; and Charles was so glad to see him look so nice that he asked his mamma to let him stop and tell him so.

Well, when the winter came, and there was no more work to do in the garden, John spoke to a friend of his, a blacksmith in the village, about Dan ; and the blacksmith said he might come to his shop, and he would see what he could do with him. So he went there, and made himself so useful, that the blacksmith was glad to keep him in his employ ; and he was there a great many years, and learned the trade, and was one of the best workmen for miles around.

At last, his master died ; and then he took the shop and set up for himself, and got on

so well that he was able to take a good house to live in ; and then he married the daughter of his old friend John, who was a little girl when he first went to work in the garden. Charles also was grown up, and married too, and often used to go and have a chat with the blacksmith, and send his horses there to be shod ; and he would sometimes say to himself, "It was much better to find him work than to give him my old shoes."

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

A MOCKING-BIRD was he,
In a bushy, blooming tree,
Embosomed with the foliage and flower;
And there he sat and sang,
Till all around him rang
With sounds from out the merry mimic's bower.

The little satirist
Piped, chattered, shrieked and hissed;
He then would moan and whistle, quack and caw;
Then carol, drawl, and croak,
As if he 'd put a joke
On every winged thing he heard or saw.

Together he would catch
A gay and plaintive snatch,
And mingle notes of half the feathered throng;
For well the mocker knew
Of everything that flew
To imitate the manner and the song.

The other birds drew near,
And paused a while to hear
How well he gave their voices and their airs;
And some became amused,
While some; disturbed, refused
To own the sounds that others said were theirs.

The sensitive were shocked,
To find their honors mocked
By one so pert and voluble as he;
They knew not if 't was done
In earnest or in fun,
And fluttered off in silence from the tree.

The silliest grew vain,
To think a song or strain
Of theirs, however weak, or loud, or hoarse,
Was worthy to be heard
Repeated by the bird,
For of his wit they could not feel the force.

The charitable said,
"Poor fellow! if his head
Is turned, or cracked, and has no talent left,

But feels the want of powers,
And plumes itself from ours,
Why, we shall not be losers by the theft."

The haughty said, "He thus,
It seems, would mimic us,
And steal our songs to pass them for his own ;
But if he only *quotes*
In honor of our notes,
We then were quite as honored, — let alone !"

The wisest said, "If foe
Or friend, we still may know,
By him, wherein our greatest failing lies ;
So let us not be moved,
Since first to be improved
By everything becomes the truly wise."

THE GOOD SON.

THERE was once a rich man, who had an only son; and he loved that son with all his heart, but he did not show his love by letting him do anything he chose, but he taught him to do what was right, so that he grew up to be a wise and good young man. He was not proud, nor did he think himself better than others, because he lived in a finer house, and had more servants to wait upon him; he was not idle, for his father had taught him not to be so; and he did not spend his money in waste, for he had also been taught that they who waste are almost sure to come to want.

At last, there came a time when the rich man lost all his wealth, and he had to give

up his fine house, to send away his servants, and to live in a very poor and humble way. I need not tell you how this came to pass, but such things often happen, so no one thought it strange ; and though the people were sorry, at first, when the father and son went away from the place where they had lived so long, yet they soon forgot them.

But what did the good son do, when this trouble came upon them ? Did he sit down and grieve at his hard fate ? or did he leave his father in his trouble, and go to seek his own fortune in the world ? No—he said, “ My dear father, do not let us be cast down, for there are many in the world who are worse off than we are. I am young and strong, and will try to get some employ, and have no doubt I can earn enough for us both. You shall not want, while I have health.”

“But, my son,” said the father, “you, who have not been used to work, and know no trade,— what can you do ?”

“Those who have the will are sure to find out the way,” said the young man. “We had many friends when we were rich, and it will be hard if some of them will not let me work for them now we are poor ; so make yourself quite easy, for we shall still do well.”

You may think how happy that father must have been to hear his son speak thus ; and how he would pray to God to bless and reward him ; nor did he pray in vain, as we shall find, in the end.

Not far from the place where they had come to live, there was a paper-mill, which was always at work ; for a great deal of paper was made there, and a great number of men and women and children worked in that mill.

Now, the young man's father had once been very kind to the master of the mill, and had lent him money to go on with his trade at a time when he had none, and must have given up his mill if he had not met with some good friend to help him ; but after that he had done well, and now he lived in plenty. So the young man went to him and said, " My father has lost all that he had, and we are now poor ; can you employ me in your mill ? "

Then the master of the mill said to himself, " This is the son of the rich man who was once so kind to me ; so I ought to help him, if I can ; and I dare say he can be of use to me, for I am old now, and want some one that I can trust to look after my people, and keep account of what is done in the mill." So, when this thought had come into his head, he told the young man

he could give him plenty to do, and would pay him well ; and after he had become acquainted with the business he had to manage, he made him the chief person, next to himself, in the mill, and he soon grew very fond of him, and treated him like a son, and at last he took him in for a partner.

The good son thus, in a few years, became rich once more ; and he shared all with his father, for he said, — “ While you had wealth, my father, you gave me all that I had need of ; so now it is but just and right that I should do the same for you.”

ALL FOR THE BEST.

"I SHALL have a nice ride on my new pony, to-day," said Harry. "Do you know, Sam, my aunt has sent me a pony? Is it not kind of her?"

"Yes, sir, it is very kind," said Sam; "but I do not think you will have a ride to-day, for it looks as if there would be a storm."

"O, no, there will be no storm to-day—it does not look a bit like it; see there—the sun shines—I'm sure there will be no storm." Sam shook his head, and pointed to the black clouds that were coming thick and fast; but Harry still thought it would be fine, so he had the pony got ready, and it was brought to the gate. He was

just going out to mount, when there was a loud clap of thunder, and down came the rain as hard as it could pour. Then the pony had to be led back to the stable, and Harry went into the house with tears in his eyes, and began to cry bitterly.

“Why, Harry,” said his papa, “what is the matter, my man?”

“O, papa, see how it rains, — and I was going out on my new pony!”

“Is that all? I did not think you were such a goose. Will tears stop the rain, do you think? If they would, I would cry, too, for it will spoil the wet paint on the summer-house. Well, shall I also cry, and try if the rain will cease?”

This made Harry smile, but he still thought it a great pity he could not go out for his ride. But it was a good thing for him that he did not go, as you shall soon

hear. The storm was not yet over, when Sam ran in at the gate, almost out of breath, and came up to the window where Harry and his papa were standing. "O, master Harry," said he; "I am so glad you did not go! What a good thing the rain came on just then,—for you might have been killed."

"What do you mean, Sam?" said Harry's father. "What is the matter?"

"Why, sir, the black bull got loose from farmer Hill's field, about half an hour ago, and has killed a horse, and tossed a man over the hedge, and they say he is dead too, but I think he is only a great deal hurt; and if master Harry had gone out, he would just have been in the lane at the time, and must have met the bull; but they have caught him now, so there is no fear."

Harry's papa put on his hat, and went

out to see what could be done for the poor man who had been tossed ; and found that he had been taken home, and would have to keep his bed for some days, as the fright had made him very ill, although he was not much hurt.

“ Well, Harry,” said his father, when he came back ; “ I hope you now see how wrong it was to cry about the rain. It is very well, my dear boy, that we cannot always have things as we could wish ; I mean, such things as are not in our power to rule and govern. Many things that we do not like, at the time, turn out to be the best for us, in the end ; so that, the next time you meet with a disappointment, I would have you say to yourself, “ It is all for the best.”

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

“**WHAT** are you thinking of, Harriet?” said Mrs. Oswell to her daughter, who had let her work fall from her hand, in deep meditation.

“I am wondering, mamma, how it is that I have been so much happier to-day than I was yesterday. I know I am always happy when I am good; and yesterday I said my lessons very well, and I think I did everything else you desired me; but I was not so very happy last night as I am to-night.”

“Indeed, Harriet! And cannot you discover the reason of this difference?”

“No, mamma.”

“Suppose, then, I try to assist you.

Tell me how you amused yourself yesterday."

"When I had finished my lessons, you know, you sent me into the garden, and I stayed there a long time, weeding my strawberry bed. I soon felt very tired; but I did not much mind that, for I was thinking all the time how nice it would be to eat the strawberries, when they were ripe. When I came in, Marion gave me a large book, full of pictures, to look at, that I might not disturb her while she was writing to brother Edmund; and in the evening I played with my doll and with little Emily; but she was not well, and was rather cross, so I was soon tired, and went to bed."

"And what have you done to-day, since school-time?"

"O! to-day I have been *so* busy! Per-

haps Marion can tell you what I did before dinner, for here she comes, and I think from her looks she must have found it out."

At this moment, a tall, blooming girl of fifteen entered the room, and affectionately kissing her sister, exclaimed —

"Yes, dear Harriet, I have found out how very kind you have been. You know, mamma, I could not go to look at my garden yesterday; in the morning I was so busy unpacking, and my letter to Edmund occupied all the afternoon. This morning, while I was so busy with you, I often thought of my flower-bed, and knew it must be quite covered with weeds, as I had been at school so long, and not able to take care of it. To-night I ran to it, determined to have one look, and found it so beautifully neat — not a single weed to be seen! I

asked John if he had done it for me ?
' No, he had been too busy ; but he thought he had seen Miss Harriet there, in the morning.' So, thank you, dear Harriet ; I shall not soon forget your kindness."

" I am very glad you are so much pleased, Marion ; but you cannot think how happy I was when I was doing it —much happier than when I was weeding my own strawberries yesterday. But you desired me to tell you, mamma, what I have been doing besides. When I went into the nursery to wash my hands, I found poor Emily crying terribly ; her beautiful doll was lying by her on the floor, broken to pieces. You know, mamma, I am getting too old to play with dolls ; so I gave her mine, and have been busy all the afternoon dressing it for her. I wish you had seen her when she kissed me, and promised that she would not let

this fall ;— she seemed to think it much prettier than her old one. Since tea, you know, I have been hemming this cravat for papa. O, dear ! I have been talking so fast, that I had almost forgotten my work, and I shall hardly get it finished to-night.” So saying, her little fingers set to work even faster than before.

“ I think I can tell you now, Harriet, why you feel so much happier to-night than you did last night.”

“ O ! why, mamma ? ”

“ Just think, for a moment, my dear little girl, for whom was your leisure time spent yesterday ? ”

“ I only amused myself.”

“ And have you done anything for yourself to-day ? ”

“ No, mamma ; nothing.”

“ Then, now, my love, you can under-

stand what you so much wished to know—the more useful day has been the happier one. Always remember this, my dear Harriet—you can never be unhappy while you do everything that is in your power for others, without the hope of recompense. Kindness brings its own reward. Emily will, I dare say, continue to like the doll you have given her, even better than her own. And see how happy Marion looks, because she has so affectionate a little girl for her sister! Here is papa, too, come just in time to see how busy Harriet has been for him. And now, good-night, my dear girl. May every day be spent as pleasantly as the last has been.”

“ Good-night, mamma! How I wish I could always be useful!”

THE SEA-SHORE.

THE waves are stirring the sea-pearls,
The sea-breeze murmurs low,
And sways on our brow the careless curls,—
It cannot be time to go !
Here let us stay a moment more,
Till the sun sinks from our sight,
And be guided home,
Through the bright sea-foam,
By the fair moon's tender light.

Our spaniel is watching the sea-birds' flight,
As they come so near in crowds,
As they hover close to my cheek, love,
With their snow-white wings, like shrouds ;
List to the sea-shell's dirge-like sigh,
Watch the light boat,
On the wave afloat,
Till the light fades from the sky.





THE SEA SHORE.

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GRANDPAPA'S HAY-FIELD.

WHEN the trees were green, and the hedges full of wild roses, and birds singing, and butterflies fluttering over the sweet clover-fields, in the pleasant month of June, Willie and Alice Grey received an invitation to go to their grandpapa's on the last day of hay-making, when the hay is carted and stacked. Their grandpapa had a garden, a field, and a cow, and a swing in the field ; and at all times to go to see him and their aunts was a great pleasure, but at hay-making time it was more than ever delightful ; so they set out with their mother, and their favorite dog, Ranger, in joyous spirits.

It was a bright sunny morning, and very

warm, and the road was very dusty, so that, happy as they were, they could not help feeling tired before half the walk was over; and when they came in sight of farmer Dale's, they wished "this was grandpapa's," and sat down by the gate, thinking it would be very nice if they might go by the fields, instead of the dusty road. At this moment, they heard the sound of wheels, and horses' feet, coming tramp, tramp, behind the hedge; and, looking through the gate, they saw farmer Dale's horse and wagon, with Charley the carter walking by the side.

"Ah, Charley!" cried little Willie, "where are you going?"

"To Squire Wakefield's," answered he, "to cart his hay."

"Then we shall see you again presently, for we are going to grandpapa's too," said Willie.

"Wo! Smiler," said Charley, and the horse stopped.

Charley began to open the gate, then touched his hat, and asked Mrs. Grey if she would please to walk in and go through the fields. She was very much obliged to him, and the children were delighted to get on the grass. They ran along by the side of the cart, looking at the great horse as he went on so strongly, and as if he did not feel the weight of the cart in the least.

"What is all that wood for, that you have in the wagon?" asked Alice.

"That is to lay under the hay-stack. The hay is laid on wood, not on the damp ground, you see, miss. If it was not for the wood, you and Master Willie might have got into the cart and had a ride; but you might get hurt some way, if it shook about."

"Thank you, Charley ; I should have liked it very much," said she.

"Wo! Smiler," said Charley again, and again Smiler stopped.

"You could both ride on Smiler's back, if you're not afraid," said Charley.

"May we, mother?" cried Alice. "I should like it very much, only it looks so high up."

"Suppose we should tumble off," said little Willie, rather doubtfully.

Their mother was a little afraid at first, too; but Charley assured her he would take great care of the young gentleman and lady; and presently Willie felt quite courageous, and was lifted up and seated very firmly, and took fast hold of the collar. Then Charley lifted up Alice, and she put her arm round Willie's waist. Then Ranger began to bark and leap up, as if he wanted to have a ride too.

"Stay by us, mother," cried Willie.
"What a height we are from the ground!"

"O yes, stay by us," said Alice, who could not help feeling a little frightened too.

"I will stay by you," said their mother ;
"sit firm, and you are in no danger."

"Now hold fast," cried Charley. "Gee wot ! Smiler !" and away went Smiler, tramp, tramp, again. Very soon they got used to the motion, and laughed and chatted, and enjoyed it very much. Ranger went on, jumping and barking all the way ; but Smiler did not mind : he never stopped. It was all their mother could do to keep up with them.

"Open the gate. Look where we are," cried Willie, when they stopped at their grandpapa's field, and smelt the sweet new hay. The gate was thrown open, and in

they went in triumph, and were soon surrounded by a whole troop of merry people, with hay-forks and rakes in their hands, and lifted down and kissed and welcomed by all.

There were Aunt Lucy, and Aunt Emily, and Uncle John; and there were their little cousins, Mary and Janey, with their elder brother Robert; and their friends Herbert and Meggy, with their father and mother. And there were Thomas, the gardener, and two hay-makers, whose names were Joe and Roger; and Emma, the cook, and Harriet, the housemaid. All were in the field, hard at work, spreading the large hay-cocks into long ridges ready to cart.

Willie and Alice were first taken to the summer-house, in one corner of the field, to have some cake and milk; and then a

little rake was given to each, and they went hard to work raking the hay like the rest.

The wagon was standing behind the summer-house, by the place where the stack was to be made, and Thomas was busy unloading it, and laying the wood in a proper form, ready to lay the hay on. This was soon done, and he got into the wagon himself, fork in hand.

“Who will have a ride down the field?” he cried.

“I will, — I will, — let me, — take me up!” cried many voices, and in two minutes every child there was seated in the wagon, and away went Smiler with them down the field, and Charley led him to the end of one of the long ridges of hay.

Now out they must all come, as fast as they got in. Uncle John held out his

hands, and jumped them down one after another, on to the ridge of hay, and ended by burying them under it. But Thomas called out that it was not time to play yet; so they all scrambled up as well as they could for laughing. Joe and Roger, Uncle John and Robert, forked up the hay and threw it into the wagon, and Thomas, standing up in it, packed it all even; all the rest raked after them, collecting what was scattered, and Charley led Smiler on and on, as they cleared. Soon there was a good heaped load.

“Who will have a ride on the top of the hay?” cries Thomas.

All the children were ready. So now Uncle John must lift them up; and, as Thomas received them, and seated them on the dry loose hay, they sunk in it very comfortably, and their faces peeped out like

the young birds in a nest. When Smiler moved on, they set up a shout, and grandpapa himself came out to see what was doing.

“Here we are! Ah, grandpapa, come up too!” cried Alice and Willie; but he laughed, and said, “that would never do for him.”

Now they had to be handed down again, sliding and jumping as well as they could; for the wagon was led to the right place, and the hay was to be forked out and laid in order on the wood. Joe and Roger built the stack; Thomas, Robert, and Uncle John, threw the hay out of the wagon; the rest had time to rest or play; only a few had to rake what was scattered by the wind or dropped, and Thomas soon sent them all to shake the rest of the cocks into ridges.

Now came a new visiter into the field; it was Daisy, the cow. All the time the grass was growing, she had been kept in the cow-house; but now Aunt Lucy had determined she should come and enjoy the pleasant air and grass once more. Daisy was a pretty Guernsey cow, with short horns, a small head, short legs, and was prettily spotted white and light brown. She was very gentle and tame, but she was young and playful; so when she found herself once more in her field, she set off, levelled her horns at a large hay-cock, knocked it down, and ran round by the hedge with a great bunch of hay on her head. Everybody laughed, and grandpapa declared it was exactly as if she had said to the hay-cock, "So it was for you I was kept shut up all this time! down with you!"

"You ought to have jumped over it, Daisy!" cried Uncle John.

"Uncle John must jump over a hay-cock!" cried Alice.

"Yes, yes, Uncle John! *Do* jump over a hay-cock," exclaimed several voices.

"To be sure I will," he said; so he laid down his fork, took off his straw hat, chose out one of the tallest hay-cocks, went back several paces, took a run, then a jump; but, high as he jumped, it was not high enough. His foot came thump against the top of the hay-cock, knocked it off, and he tumbled down on the other side, where he was buried under the rest of it, by the children, the next minute.

There is no saying when he would have got out; but the sight of the empty wagon, going down the field, made them all eager for a ride, and Uncle John must

crawl out and help them in ; and then every one was hard at work again.

By and by it was dinner-time. A cold dinner was ready for every one, and it was surprising what appetites they had ; but the children could not sit long,—they must be off to the field again ; and as the men were not ready to go on yet, they began to play. They pelted each other with hay. Little Willie was seized as he was running along with a load on his head to throw at some one, laid on a hay-cock, and quite hid under a heap ; then out he got, and Alice was smothered ; then all the others.

“ Would anybody like a swing ? ” cried Robert, who had just come out.

Everybody liked swinging,—so to the swing all went. It was hung to one of the arms of a large elm-tree. Alice was put in first, and Robert swung her so high that

she touched the green leaves and branches with her feet, and she enjoyed it very much ; but she soon called out to him to stop, that some one else might come in. Herbert was such a bold swinger that he liked to stand up on the board, and Janey stood up with him ; they held tight, and went up as high as Alice had done. Then little Willie and Mary were put in side by side, and swung together ; and then Meggy had her turn ; and while she was scudding through the air, first touching the high branches with her head, then with the tips of her toes, Thomas called all to work again.

Smiler had been taken out of the shafts and allowed to feed where he liked ; but now he must be fastened in again ; and as Charley had gone a message, Joe undertook to do it, and was a long time over

it, for he did not understand how to fasten the buckles ; however, it was done at last, and he led the wagon while the others loaded, and then the children were mounted on the top as before. They had got to the lower part of the field, and Smiler had to drag them up a steep bank. As he was straining up, and had nearly reached the top, one of the buckles, not properly fastened by Joe, gave way. Up went the shafts, down went the back of the wagon, and out fell all the hay, and all the children with it, on the grass. Smiler walked off quietly, and began to eat grass very contentedly ; grandpapa, uncle, aunts, papas, and mammas rushed to the spot in alarm. Nothing was to be seen of children ; nothing but a great heap of hay ; but the hay began to shake, and out came a head, then a foot, then a hand, then several

heads, feet, and hands: then some were able to laugh, others to cry, and others to answer the anxious question, "Are you hurt?"

No one was hurt. Alice's bonnet was beat flat over her eyes, but her mother soon straightened it; Meggy's frock was torn, but Aunt Emily brought out a needle and thread and mended it; Herbert lost a top out of his pocket, and Willie could not find his cap till the hay was nearly all flung into the wagon again; but when they had shaken themselves well, and had got the hay out of their mouths and hair as well as they could, it was declared that no harm was done. It happened, however, that though Charley now fastened the harness right and tight, no one asked to get up on the next load or two; they preferred rather to run by the side.

The sun began to go round towards the west, and the trees to cast a longer shadow, and the field was nearly cleared; but now tea was ready, under a spreading beech. Such a great tea-pot, such an immense jug of milk, such platefuls of cake and bread and butter, such piled heaps of strawberries and cherries, were there for them, as they had never seen before; and much they enjoyed everything.

“What are those bright ribbons for, Aunt Lucy?” cried somebody. And all, leaving the remains of the feast, found the grass covered with bits of ribbon of every color.

“Where are your rakes?” said she. “Choose your colors. All of you must have a streamer on your rakes when the last load goes to be stacked.”

Now there was a great bustle. One

would have green, another blue, another pink, another white. Then the forks were dressed ; and then, for fathers and mothers, who had not been at work, long sticks were cut, and ribbons tied on them. Smiler must be dressed now. He had bunches of green leaves at each ear ; and, as ribbon failed, long strips of bright-colored calico were torn up and tied about his mane, tail, and harness. Ranger was caught, and had a fine collar of blue and red, with a large bow, put on ; and Herbert's little dog Ponto was made splendid, by tying bright strips to his long white hair, all over him.

The carting was going on, and rakers were soon called for. The field was cleared ; the wagon was about half full, and it was the last load.

All must mount now, rakes and forks in

hand. Not only children, — grandpapa was in ; now father, now mother, now Aunt Lucy, now Aunt Emily, and Uncle John, and Emma, and Harriet. All were in. Charley walked at the head, a long red streamer on his whip. Joe and Roger waited on the stack, streamers on their forks.

“Now hold up your rakes and forks, and shout for the last load!” cries Thomas. He was obeyed ; there was a famous shout.

They stopped at the stack. “Master must please to get up on the stack, and Joe and Roger must come down.”

Grandpapa mounted on the stack ; all the rest stood up in the wagon.

“Three cheers for Squire Wakefield ! whose hay we have got in this day,” cries Thomas.

There were three capital cheers, and then Mr. Wakefield, thanking them, told them supper would be ready in half an hour, and invited them all to partake.

It was a lovely evening, and the long supper table was laid in the garden, on the lawn. The children helped to lay the tables, and were ready and delighted to wait on the company at supper. There was abundance of everything, and the tables looked beautiful when the high vases of flowers and heaped dishes of fruit were placed among the substantial dishes.

The hay was stacked, Smiler put up in the stable, and Thomas and his two assistants, with Charley, had come into the garden; and now the guests began to arrive,—Thomas' wife and three children, Emma's brother and sister, Harriet's father and sister, Charley's old mother, Joe's wife, Rog-

er's mother and sister. There were seats for everybody. Mr. Wakefield and Aunt Lucy took the two ends of the table, and the children waited on all. Everything was so well arranged that they found it quite easy; and when they had no more to do, they formed rings on the grass, and danced to their own voices.

Then songs were sung, and the children sometimes joined in chorus; and pleasant stories were told, and they stopped their dance to listen. The sun had gone down in a golden sky, and the moon was up, when the happy party separated. The children stayed all night; every sofa and bed was full, and the moon that lighted the other guests to their several homes peeped in at the windows of Mr. Wakefield's cottage on many little eyelids fast closed in sleep, after a very merry day.

BAPTIST AND HIS DOG.

BAPTIST had a favorite dog, that used to follow him everywhere, and was one of the most faithful and sagacious creatures ever met with. He usually accompanied us to S——, and though the town is large, and was often crowded, we never felt any fear of losing poor Sweetheart. At last, however, we lost him. His fidelity was not in fault, but we had every reason to believe he had been stolen.

The streets were unusually crowded on one of our walks to S——, and we did not miss the dog till after our return home. It was then too late to recover him; but I heard that he had been seen dragged along by some beggars, with a muzzle on his

mouth, and his poor tail between his legs. Of course, I gave him up for lost. Two or three years passed away, yet Sweetheart was not forgotten by either of my children. I often heard conversations between them, at which I could not resist smiling ; for, in the simplicity of their hearts, they always spoke of the great probability of recovering poor Sweetheart, and of bringing the thieves to justice.

During a visit that we paid to my brother and the Eresby family in London, Baptist and I were walking in one of the streets near Soho, when our path was stopped for a while by one of those crowds often collected in the streets when anything is to be seen or heard. I was pushing my way forward, but as I found Baptist was in no such hurry, I also stopped. A man was turning the handle of an organ, and puffing and

blowing, with a rapidly moving chin, at the pan-pipes that were stuck just below within his waist-coat; and in the midst of a circle that had been cleared by the mob, were two dogs dancing. One was attired as a lady, in a petticoat of scarlet cloth, ornamented with tarnished spangles, and a cap and a feather; the other as a soldier, with a cocked hat, and a very short-waisted jacket of blue cloth, faced with red, and a pair of pantaloons, through the back of which his tail turned up. While the organ was playing the dance continued; but when it stopped, the dog in the soldier's dress took what seemed to be the crown of an old beaver hat, cut into a sort of shallow dish, from the organ-man, and holding it in his mouth, went round the crowd to beg. A few half-pence were thrown into it. The dog came up to

Baptist, who had managed to get among the foremost within the circle. He also put some half-pence into the hat, and, as he did so, said, Poor fellow! poor fellow! The first sound of his voice had a magical effect on the dog; the hat and its contents dropped at once, and, with a short, joyful bark, the poor little disguised dog leaped upon him and licked his hand, and seemed unable to express with sufficient liveliness the joy it felt.

“Father,” cried the boy, in a loud voice, “it is my dog, — my own lost faithful Sweetheart, and he knows me; ’t is my dog, that was stolen by the beggars at S——.” The organ-man came forward to seize the dog, but Sweetheart — for it was indeed the very lost Sweetheart — snarled and growled, and even snapped at the man. “He is my own dog!” said Baptist, stoop-

ing down and caressing poor Sweetheart, — “indeed he is, and no one shall take him away from me. Judge between us,” said the boy, with an energy that surprised me, turning and appealing to the mob, but holding Sweetheart fast under his arm, all the while. The bystanders seemed almost as much interested as we were in all that passed, and many of them came between the angry man (who seemed still determined to seize the dog) and Baptist. Indeed, the fellow had slung his organ behind him, and was coming forward with a small whip that he produced from his pocket, the sight of which seemed to dash at once all the spirit of poor Sweetheart. After much expostulation, and some threats, and at last on the offer of a piece of gold, the man seemed to think that his best plan was to give up the dog, and the whip was

pocketed again, while Baptist released his old favorite from his military attire.

Once, several years after, Sweetheart was missed by his young master at Oxford; and, on turning the corner of the street to seek him (which he did instantly), he found the dog on his hind legs, turning round and round, and making a sort of slow pirouette before an old man, who was very slowly grinding an organ.

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THE HEN'S EGG

THE HUNG FROG.

Up! up! hurray,
The first
You found a head of it
Among the hay.
We took it home,
In my sack,
And the old boy
Was mad as that.

I hear! — a song, —
Let us go
And look for another;
Won't you, Joe?
Ah! here is one,
Among the straw —
That is the second,
Hip! hip! hurrah!



THE HEN'S EGG

THE HEN'S EGG.

Up in the hay-loft,
The other day,
We found a hen's egg,
Among the hay.
We took it home,
In my straw hat,
And the old hen
Was mad at that.

I hear her cackling, —
Let us go
And look for another ;
Won't you, Joe ?
Ah ! here is one,
Among the straw, —
That is the second,
Hip ! hip ! hurrah !

WILLIAM, HENRY, AND THE GATE.

PASSING along the street, I saw, at a little distance before me, two boys, brothers, come out of a house, and run towards a gate leading from the door-yard into the street. Henry, the youngest, came to the gate first. In pure fun and frolic, he shut the gate, and placed himself against it in such a way as to prevent his brother from opening it and going out. William seized the gate, and pulled to open it, and Henry held on to prevent him. They pulled and struggled, the one to open it, the other to keep it shut. At first it seemed all in fun; they laughed and frolicked about it. Soon, however, they began to get excited and angry, each striving for the mastery, and

using provoking and unkind language. Finally, the eldest pulled the gate open, and, in doing so, hurt his brother. But Henry was evidently a great deal more angry than hurt. He was angry because William had proved the stronger, and more angry still to hear him boast of his victory. Henry flew at his brother, in great wrath, and declared he would kill him. Both became very angry. All brotherly love was gone. But William, being the eldest and strongest, soon hurled his brother down on his back, in the mud, held down both his arms, and pounced on his breast with his knees enough to beat the breath out of his body. They both looked as if they would have killed each other, if they could. As I came up, William got off from his brother; but Henry was so bruised and stunned, that he could not get up without help, nor stand when he was up.

This hateful quarrel between two brothers began in mere fun and frolic. But it would never have happened, if these boys had learned how wicked it is, and how displeasing in the sight of God, for his children to quarrel with and injure one another. I suppose they thought it *brave* to fight, as many other foolish children do. If William thought Henry was holding the gate on purpose to plague him, he ought to have waited pleasantly till Henry was willing to open it, and not have tried to force it open, at the risk of hurting his brother. Henry would not have held it long, and then they could have gone out and had a pleasant play together. Or, if Henry had opened the gate as soon as he saw that William was becoming cross and angry, there would have been no quarrel, and both the boys would have

felt kind and happy. Brothers should never do anything in a frolic merely to try each other's temper, lest it should lead to a quarrel.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CHILD AND BIRD.

CHILD.

LITTLE bird ! little bird ! come to me !
I have a green cage ready for thee ;
Many bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with dew.

BIRD.

Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,
But I dearly love the clear, cool air ;
And my snug little nest in the old oak-tree
Is better than golden cage for me.

CHILD.

Little bird ! little bird ! where wilt thou go,
When the fields are all buried in snow ?
The ice will cover the old oak-tree —
Little bird ! little bird ! stay with me.

BIRD.

Nay, little maiden ; away I'll fly
To greener fields and a warmer sky ;

When spring returns, with pattering rain,
My merry song you will hear again.

CHILD.

Little bird ! little bird ! who 'll guide thee
Over the hills, and over the sea ?
Foolish one, come in the house to stay,
For I am sure you will lose your way.

BIRD.

Ah, no, little maiden ! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea.
I will be free as the morning air,
Chasing the sunlight everywhere !

MARY WILSON.

MARY WILSON was so pretty, and possessed such a sweet temper, that she was greatly beloved by all who knew her. Some children, who know that they are handsome, become vain, proud, and ill-tempered ; but it was not so with Mary.

Mary's parents lived only a little way from the city, in a neat little cottage, the walls of which were covered with beautiful flowers. You could hardly imagine a more beautiful spot.

Our little Mary was now nine years old. Her father had taught her to read every fine evening, sitting at the cottage door ; and so attentive was she to her lessons, that she was soon able to read in any book with ease.

When she attended school, she was so good a scholar, that her teacher appointed her a monitor to her class, many of whom were older than herself. Mary was so kind, and affectionate, and good-tempered, that the whole school loved her. Neither was she wilful or selfish, like many little girls that I have seen; but she would always yield her will to that of others, if she found she had been in the wrong; for I do not wish to have the reader suppose that she was perfect. Far from it. But she did not indulge herself in bad feelings, or thoughts, or desires, as some young folks are apt to do.

When Mary could be spared from her other employments, she would visit the poor sick people in the neighborhood, and do everything in her power to render them comfortable. At church, no one was more

attentive than little Mary, She seemed to take pleasure in the exercises, and to think much of her Creator, not only at church, but at home. Her warm young heart often seemed to go out to Him in prayer, and in singing hymns and psalms, — for she was a sweet singer, — and she also loved to read her Bible. When she was at play with her little companions, she was always cheerful and happy, and ready to oblige and do them good.

One fine morning she went out, with her father, in a sail-boat, and several others with them. For some time all was pleasant, and they enjoyed the excursion. But, all of a sudden, the clear sky became overcast with clouds, the wind began to rise, and the smooth water began to be rough and agitated. Soon it blew a gale, and at last upset the boat. Poor Mary was thrown into the

water with the rest, and might have been drowned, had not her father, who was a good swimmer, rescued her. They all escaped, but some of them very narrowly. Mary was taken into another boat, but the fright and the chill, together, threw her into a violent fever. The doctor was called, and did all he could, but she daily grew worse. It was delightful to see how patiently Mary bore her sufferings. The little children, all around, came to see her,—for almost everybody loved her,—and she talked with them as much as her friends thought she was able to.

But it was painful to see how fast her rosy cheek grew wan and pale, and her body became emaciated. It now became evident that she was not likely to recover. Indeed, Mary thought so herself. She now talked much to her friends and com-

panions about dying, and about heaven, and angels, and the Saviour. She said she expected to go to heaven, and to be very happy there.

One day, when her mother and three of her little companions were standing around her bed-side, — some of them weeping, — “O, my dear, dear mother,” said she, “don’t weep for me. I am indeed going to leave you; but I am going to a place where I shall be far happier than ever I was here. I had a dream, just now. I thought I was wandering in a beautiful walk, when I fancied, all at once, — for I know it could be *only* a fancy, mother, — that an angel, with golden wings, came and took me by the hand, and kissed me, and said, ‘Rose, you are coming to live with me forever.’ Then I seemed to hear the sound of harps, and other delightful music.

And, oh, mother, I do think I shall soon be with the angels, and with my dear Saviour."

"My dear child," said her mother, "I hope God will allow you to live with us a little longer." "O no, dear mother," was the reply; "I shall go very soon to that delightful world you have so often told me about, where the sun always shines, and the flowers never fade. — O, — dear mother — kiss me — I am going now!" She then closed her eyes, and in a few minutes afterward her spirit fled — none knew whither — but it was gone! — The body was indeed there; but it was not Mary Wilson. Perhaps Mary herself was already with the angels, as she hoped to be.

Those of my young friends who read this story of Rose must not mourn for her, as they would for a bad child, — one who never

thought of God, or cared to mind him ; for would this not be selfish and wrong ? A better way would be to love God, and do good, as Mary did, in the hope that when our spirits leave the earthly houses they now dwell in, and fly away to other worlds, as hers did, we may be prepared to dwell with her, and with angels, and the Saviour, forever.

SEE, THE STARS ARE COMING.

"SEE, the stars are coming
In the fair blue skies !
Mother, look ! they brighten ;
Are they angels' eyes ?"

"No, my child; the splendor
Of those stars is given,
Like the hues of flowers,
By the Lord of heaven."

"Mother, if I study,
Sure he 'll let me know
Why those stars he lighted,
O'er our earth to glow."

"Child, what God has finished
Has a glorious aim ;
Thine it is to worship,
Thine to love his name."

A DIALOGUE.

BROTHER, what a pretty flower !
There beside are hundreds, see !
What a charming little bower,
For the honey-making bee !

Sister, know your pretty prize
Has a charm beside its bloom ;
For, though lovely are its dyes,
Sweeter yet is its perfume.

Brother, tell, who fixed the rose
On the scented hedge-row thorn —
Made it thus its leaves disclose
In the silver dew of morn ?

Sister, on that lowly thorn,
Bending now with glittering dew,
Gladdened by the light of morn,
Know the pretty flow'ret *grew*.

Brother, though you 've truly said,
You have not yet answered me;
Tell who all these branches spread,
Tell who made the parent tree.

Sister, know that beauteous bush,
Where the robin oft hath sung,
And where sings the merry thrush —
From a tiny seed it sprung.

Brother, yet I must inquire :
Though the boughs and blossoms feed,
Though the seed produce the brier,
Some one must have made the seed ?

Yes, 't was he who framed the earth,
Spread aloft yon azure sky,
Gave the myriad stars their birth,
Gave to every flower its dye :

Blessed all living things with life —
Worms that live beneath the clod,
Birds that soar 'bove tempest's strife —
He whence *we* have being — God !

THE COVETOUS BOY.

YOUNG Samuel was the only son of a merchant, and was tenderly beloved by his father. He had by no means a bad heart; his countenance was pleasing, and his friends would all have been very fond of him, had he not shown, in every part of his conduct, a covetous propensity, that eclipsed all his accomplishments.

His covetous disposition made him wish for everything he saw others possessed of, and even carried him to so great a length, that he would not share among his play-mates anything that he had, or even let them see it.

It was with little Samuel as it generally is with everybody else, that he lost more

than he gained by his avarice. If anybody gave him any sweetmeats, he would get into some private corner of the house, and there swallow them, for fear any of his acquaintance should want part of them. His father, in order to cure him of his greedy disposition, used, while he was feasting in private, to give a double portion to his companions. He perceived this, and therefore left off hiding himself; but he no sooner fixed his eyes on any nicety, than he appeared ready to devour it at once, and pursued the hand of those that held it, as a vulture does its prey.

From what has been already said, his father may be supposed to be much hurt at this conduct; and, in order to save himself as much vexation as possible, he ceased to give him any more niceties, or even have them within his house, so that they might

not, at any rate, be within the reach of his voracious son.

If Samuel had a pleasing toy of any kind, he would never show it, but concealed himself in the enjoyment of it, without ever being happy. — If he had any sort of fruit, he would not share it with his playmates, but devour it in private, even refusing any to those he happened to love most. Consequently, none of his playmates would ever give him a part of what they had, and seemed always desirous of shunning his company. When he chanced to be engaged in a quarrel with any one, none appeared ready to take his part, — not even when they knew him in the right; and when he was in the wrong, every one joined against him.

It one day happened that a little boy observed him with an apple in his hand, and

gave him, by surprise, a knock on the elbow, which made him let the apple fall. However, he picked it up hastily, and, in order to revenge himself on the boy, set off to catch him; but, in running, fell into a hog-pond, and had liked to have been suffocated in the soil. He exerted all his power to get out, but to no effect; he endeavored, but without succeeding, to prevail on his playmates to take hold of his hand and help him out.

Instead of assisting him, they laughed at his distress, and joyously danced about the pond, from which he could not relieve himself. They told him to ask the assistance of those to whom he had done the least kindness; but, among all his playmates, there was not one whose help he could demand on that score. At last, one of the boys, who took pity on him, came forward

and gave him his hand, when he safely got out.

Samuel shook off the mud as well as he could, and then, to show his gratitude to the little boy who had assisted him, he bit off about a quarter of the apple which caused this disaster, and which he never let go, and desired him to accept of it. But the boy, disgusted with so pitiful a gift, took the morsel, and then flung it in his face ; and this served as a signal for all the boys to scout him. They pursued Samuel quite home, hooting him all the way he went.

This was the first time he had ever been hooted, and, as he did not want for feeling, it threw him into a depth of thought. He kept out of his father's presence, and confined himself to his room, for some days. There he reasoned with himself on the cause that could produce such treatment

from his playfellows. "For what reason," said he to himself, "could my little neighbor, who even lent me his hand to help me out of the pond, throw the apple in my face, and set the boys to hoot me? Why has he so many good friends, while I have not a single one?"

On comparing the good boy's behavior with his own, he very soon discovered the reason. To become sensible of our errors is half the work of reformation. He recollected that he had observed his friend was always ready to help every one; that, whenever he had any fruit, confectionary, or the like, he seemed to feel more pleasure in sharing it with his companions than in eating it himself, and had no kind of amusement in which he did not wish every one to bear a part. On this short review of circumstances, he plainly perceived

wherein lay the difference between himself and this little good boy. He at last resolved to imitate him, and the next day, filling his pockets with fruit, he ran up to every boy he met, and gave him a part of it ; but he could not, on a sudden, give up *self*, having left a little in his pocket, to eat at home, in private.

Though it was evident that he had not yet completely conquered his avarice, yet he was not a little pleased with the advances he had made, since his companions were now, on their part, more generous to him ; they showed themselves much more satisfied with his company, and admitted him a partner in all their little pastimes ; they divided with him whatever they happened to have, and he always went home pleased and satisfied.

Soon after, he made a still greater pro-

gress in conquering his selfish disposition ; for he pulled out of his pocket everything he had, and divided it into as many shares as there were mouths to eat it, without reserving any more than an equal part for himself. Indeed, it was the general opinion of the boys that his own share was the least. This day he was much more satisfied than before, and went home gay and cheerful. By pursuing this conduct, he acquired a generous habit, and became liberal even to those who had nothing to give in return. He consequently acquired the love and esteem of his companions, who no sooner saw him than they ran to meet him with joyful countenances, and made his pleasure their own. Thus, instead of being miserable and wretched through avarice, he became completely happy in the practice of generosity.

His father was, undoubtedly, highly pleased with this change, and, tenderly embracing him, promised to refuse him nothing in future that might add to his pleasure and delight. Samuel hereby learned in what true happiness consists.

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CLERK AND
TELEPHONATIONS.



THE SICK ROOM.

THE SICK-BOY.

Through the vines around my window
The sun so glad is beaming
Into your eyes, my faithful heart,
Its joyous light is streaming
It kisses the flowers my friends have sown,
And lingers on my hair —
Is there aught on earth to cheer me,
As the sunlight, the sun is there.

You have stayed by your mother's side,
Perhaps you would like to run,
And bound and play with the boys,
In the beams of the golden sun.
If you hark, I will lift the window,
And you to the hills may go,
And play with the country children there
Till the light of the sun is low.



THE SICK ROOM.

THE SICK-ROOM.

THROUGH the vines around my window,
The sun so glad is beaming ;
Into your eyes, my faithful hound,
Its joyous light is streaming.
It kisses the flowers my friends have brought,
And lingers on my hair, —
Is there aught on earth to the sick so dear
As the sun-light, the sun-light fair ?

You have stayed by your mistress all the day ;
Perhaps you would like to run,
And bound and play right joyously,
In the beams of the glorious sun ;
If you bark, I will lift the window,
And you to the hills may go,
And play with the country children there,
Till the light of the sun is low.

RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

“I WILL be revenged of him, that I will, and make him heartily repent it!” said little Philip to himself, with a countenance quite red with anger. His mind was so engaged, that, as he walked along, he did not see his dear friend Stephen, who happened at that instant to meet him, and consequently heard what he said.

“Who is that,” said Stephen, “that you intend to be revenged on?” Philip, as though awakened from a dream, stopped short, and, looking at his friend, soon resumed the smile that was natural to his countenance. “Ah!” said he, “come with me, my friend, and you shall see whom I will be revenged on. I believe you remem-

ber my supple Jack, a very pretty little cane, which my father gave me. You see it is now all in pieces. It was farmer Robinson's son, who lives in yonder thatched cottage, that reduced it to this worthless state."

Stephen very coolly asked him what induced the farmer's son to break it. "I was walking very peaceably along," replied Philip, "and was playing with my cane, by twisting it round my body. By some accident or other, one of the two ends got out of my hand when I was opposite the gate just by the wooden bridge, and where the little miscreant had put down a pitcher full of water, which he was carrying home from the well. It so happened, that my cane, in springing, upset the pitcher, but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names,

when I assured him I did not intend any harm ; what I had done was by accident, and I was very sorry for it. Without paying any regard to what I said, he instantly seized my supple Jack, and twisted it here, as you see ; but I will make him heartily repent it ! ”

“ To be sure,” said Stephen, “ he is a very wicked boy, and is already very properly punished for it, since nobody likes him, nor will do anything for him. He finds it very difficult to get any companion to play with him, and, if he attempts to intrude himself into their company, they will all instantly leave him. To consider this properly, I think, should be sufficient revenge for you.”

“ All this is true,” replied Philip, “ but he has broken my cane. It was a present from my papa, and a very pretty cane you

know it was. My father will perhaps ask me what has become of it; and, as he will suppose I have carelessly lost his present, he will probably be angry with me, of which this little saucy fellow will be the cause. I offered to fill his pitcher again, having knocked it down by accident,—I will be revenged !”

“My dear friend,” said Stephen, “I think you will act better in not minding him, as your contempt will be the best punishment you can inflict upon him. He is not upon a level with you, and you may be assured that he will always be able to do more mischief to you than you would choose to do him. And, now I think of it, I will tell you what happened to him not long since.

“Very unluckily for him, he chanced to see a bee hovering about a flower, which

he caught, and was going to pull off its wings, out of sport, when the animal found means to sting him, and then flew in safety to the hive. The pain put him into a most furious passion, and, like you, he vowed to take a severe revenge. He accordingly procured a little hazel-stick, and thrust it through the hole into the beehive, twisting it about therein. By this means he killed several of the little animals; but, in an instant, all the swarm issued out, and falling upon him, stung him in a thousand different places. You will naturally suppose that he uttered the most piercing cries, and rolled upon the ground in the excess of his agony. His father ran to him, but could not, without the greatest difficulty, put the bees to flight, after having stung him so severely that he was confined several days to his bed.

“Thus, you see, he was not very successful in his pursuit of revenge. I would advise you, therefore, to pass over this insult, and leave others to punish him, without your taking any part of it. Besides, he is a wicked boy, and much stronger than you are; so that your ability to obtain revenge may be doubtful.”

“I must own,” replied Philip, “that your advice seems very good. So come along with me, and I will go and tell my father the whole matter, and I think he will not be angry with me. It is not the cane that I value, on any other consideration than that it was my father’s present; and I would wish to convince him that I take care of everything he gives me.” He and his friend then went together, and Philip told his father what had happened, who thanked Stephen for the good advice he had given

his son, and gave Philip another cane, exactly like the first.

A few days afterwards, Philip saw this ill-natured boy fall, as he was carrying home a very heavy log of wood, which he could not get up again. Philip ran to him, and replaced it on his shoulder.

Young Robinson was quite ashamed at the thought of having received this kind of assistance from a youth he had treated so badly, and heartily repented of his behavior. Philip went home quite satisfied to think he had assisted one he did not love, and from pure motives of tenderness and humanity. "This," said he, "is the noblest vengeance I could take, in returning good for evil."

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Joy on the mother's brow !
How happy and how bright,
How holy is the glow,
How sweet a spring of light !
From anxious love it springeth,
With grief and pain to cope,
And to her bosom clingeth, —
It is a mother's hope.

Though many a cloud of sorrow
May o'er her heart be cast,
Hope looketh on the morrow,
And turneth from the past;
Forms halos in her tears,
All beautiful and fair,
The tempest drop that clears
Her bosom from despair.

O, when upon the breast
The smiling infant lies,
With many a kiss impressed
In joyful ecstasies,
How deep, how sweet, the feeling
Those moments can impart !
What new delight revealing
In rapture to the heart !

Holy the mother's gaze
Upon her infant child,
Pure as the Seraph's blaze,
Where all is undefiled.
Angels from heaven would own
The beauty of that look,
And write her visions down
In God's eternal book.

And why ? — because they blend
With longings not of earth,—
To loves and joys extend
That have in heaven their birth ;
With all the sacred things
Alone to woman given,
As never-failing wings
To lift her unto heaven.

Yearnings of soul and mind,
Fond pantings of full bliss,
Those rays of love which find
Their focus in a kiss;
These, these, the angels know,
Belong unto their sphere,
And, full of joy, would throw
Their smile upon them here.

When, like a budding rose
Unfolding in the wind,
Each feeling would disclose
The never-dying morn,
How sweet the breath to greet
Of heart-awakened sighs!
How sweet the smiles to meet
Of soul-illumined eyes!

This is the mother's joy
For all her meed of pain
She felt for her sweet boy,
And fain would feel again;
And as emotion swells
Like music in her breast,
Her smile of rapture tells
How proud she is, and blessed.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Then, as the flower expands,
Its altar is her knee;
And there its little hands
Are raised, Lord, to thee;
Here offers up each day
The first fruits of its youth,
And learns to know the way
Of righteousness and truth.

How sweet the hope is, then,
The anxious mother feels!
How dear the bliss is, when
Some token-bud reveals
That grace is working in
Its nature rude and wild,
To stay the taint of sin —
That God is with her child!

Then fade the many fears
Of this world's cruel snares, —
The darkest tempest clears
Before her anxious prayers;
The throbbing breast is still,
And feels a touch of balm,
And faith the heart doth fill,
And it is hushed and calm.

She fears not then her bark
To launch where storms may rave, —
To her it is an ark
Of promise on the wave ;
• She feels that, although tost
Upon the rude world's strife,
It never can be lost
While Christ within is life.

She knows that, though the flood
Of misery should abide
A while around the good,
That they will upward ride ;
Though all be gloom around,
And all be dark above, —
For in that gloom is found
The rainbow smile of love.

Yet there's a lonely fear
A mother lingers o'er,
With many a bitter tear
Drawn from her bosom's core,
Which, when her darling's eye
Is dim, and cheek is wan,
Would conjure up the sigh
For grief to feed upon.

Then comes that hope to bless,
That hope and holy trust,
Whose visions are no less,
Though flesh be turned to dust ;
The Christian mother knows
That death a life has won,—
In faith her bosom glows,
She sighs — “ Thy will be done.”



FRISK.

FRISK.

Frisk! stop barking
Stop running
Whenever I call
Will you come
You must search for my ball
I have lost my ball
And whenever you find it,
Come at my call.

Frisk found the ball,
And brought it back
And his master patted him
On the back,
And gave him a dinner
Of chicken bones,
And praised his skill
In pleasant tones.



FRISK.

**FRISK ! stop barking,—
Stop running away !
Whenever I whistle,
Still you must stay.
You must search the barn —
I have lost my ball ;
And whenever you 've found it,
Come at my call.**

**Frisk found the ball,
And brought it back ;
And his master patted him
On the back,
And gave him a dinner
Of chicken bones,
And praised his skill
In pleasant tones.**

THE PET CALF.

No children could be more tender-hearted than Harriet and Emily Lovel. They were boarding, one summer, during the holidays, at a farm-house, a few miles from town, and they became very fond of a beautiful little calf, that during the day was kept tied under a tree, in a small meadow, near the house, and at night was put into the stable. The color of the calf was brown and white, and nothing could be prettier and cleaner.

It was the children's great delight to carry water to this calf, and to take it sometimes a handful of salt, which they laid on a flat stone before it; and the little animal licked it up with so much pleasure,

that Emily said she was sure the calf liked salt as well as she liked blackberry jam. They patted its head, stroked it, and sometimes even kissed its clean sweet mouth, as they called it. The calf soon learned to know the girls, and seemed delighted whenever it saw them.

However, when the cow, whose name was Cherry, was brought to it morning and evening, they took care to keep at a distance, as they had been told that cows (who are very fond mothers,) never allow any person to touch their calves, lest they should hurt them. At these times, the calf being untied to take exercise, the little girls (who looked at it through the fence) were delighted to see it prancing and gambolling around its mother.

One evening, while Harriet and Emily were eating their supper of pie and milk,

they were startled to hear the farmer, Jacob Jenkins, say to his wife, "I think, Becky, the calf will be fit to kill in another week. It is the finest and fattest we ever had."

The children turned pale. "But you do not mean this calf!" said Harriet; "you surely do not intend to have this calf killed!"

"Why not this, as well as any other?" said the farmer. "We do not want to raise it, and we shall get at least two pounds."

"Yes," said the wife, "and that two pounds will just buy me the new Canton crape shawl I have been wanting this great while. I hear there are plenty of them in the city at that price, more than a yard square. All the neighbors' wives have them, and I've set my mind on a pink one."

"Well, Becky," replied the farmer, "when the calf is sold, you shall have a shawl with the money."

"But," said Emily, "is it not better you should do without a crape shawl than that the poor calf should be killed?"

"Ah," replied the farmer's wife, "you little town girls know nothing about such things. How should we get the most of our money, if it was not for selling and killing our calves and pigs, and fowls and turkeys? What do we feed and fatten them for, but to make them fit to kill?"

Still, the children thought with horror of the killing of the beloved calf; and they trembled when they heard that, on the following Monday, it was to be sold to a butcher, who would then be going through the neighborhood, collecting calves. They

understood that their "dear pet," as they called it, was to be killed on Tuesday, and the meat taken to market on Wednesday.

"I think, Jacob," said the farmer's wife, "you may as well tell the butcher to save a loin of this veal for us, as we expect some folks to dine with us on Thursday. It will be so fat and so fine, and you can bring it when you go to town with the butter."

At these words, both the little girls began to scream, exclaiming, "O! no, no; we cannot bear to see a piece of the dear little calf, after it is killed." "O!" said Harriet, "I would not taste a mouthful of that calf, for the world. The sweet creature that we have played with and kissed so often." "If a morsel of that calf is brought into the house," cried Emily, "we will leave it, and go and stay all day in the barn. O! I never shall be able to eat veal again, if our sweet little calf is killed."

The farmer and his wife only smiled; but at last the wife said, "Well, well, Jacob, we will not worry the children. We will do without the veal. On Monday we shall have to put Cherry in the old field behind the woods; for, if she is anywhere near the house, she will bellow so for the loss of her calf that there will be no getting a wink of sleep that night."

"O! poor cow,!" said Harriet, "how she will grieve when she thinks of the dear little thing that used to run and play round her! How my mother would scream, if Emily were to be taken away and killed!"

At bedtime the children went sorrowfully to their room, and Emily said, "What, a wicked woman Mrs. Jenkins must be, to have the calf killed, just that she may get a Canton crape shawl! How I shall dislike to see her wear it!" "She is not

wicked," replied Harriet ; " for she is accustomed, as she told us, to selling and killing calves and pigs and poultry ; and she thinks it proper and right. . But I wish there was any way of giving her a Canton crape shawl ; and then, perhaps, she would be satisfied, and let the calf live. O ! what shall we do when we see the butcher lead it away with him ? " " I will not see it," said Emily, " for I will shut myself up in a back room, and never once look out of the window."

Just then, Molly, an Irish servant-girl, that lived at farmer Jenkins', came up to put the little girls to bed ; and while she was undressing them, they were still lamenting the probable fate of the little calf.

" I tell you what, dears," said Molly, " if you are so sorry about that calf, I'll put you in a way to save its life. I've just

been paid my wages, and I am going to town to-morrow, in the stage, to buy myself a new gown, and some other things ; and, if you will give me the money, I'll get a pink Canton crape shawl for Mrs. Jenkins, and you can make her a present of it, if she'll promise to let the little calf live."

The children thought this an excellent plan ; but they found they had not money enough, Harriet's whole stock amounting to half a crown, and Emily's to three shillings and tenpence. How did they now regret what they had spent at the shop for sugar-candy, and at the old gingerbread woman's !

" O," said Harriet, "the shawl will cost two guineas,—and we have nothing like that sum !"

" I'll tell you what will do," said Molly ;
"you can give me those coral necklaces,

with the large gold locket, that you wore when you first came here, and that you've left off since the weather has been so hot. I'll take them to a jeweller's and sell them, and then buy the shawl with the money; and then, when I come back (which will be on Saturday), I will bring it with me, and you can give it to Mrs. Jenkins; and so the calf's life will be saved before the butcher comes for it."

"Yes," said Harriet, "but how can we send our necklaces to be sold without the consent of our parents? You know everything we have in the world was bought for us by them, and with their money. To be sure, we have no way of asking their consent now, when they are so far off."

"And they are so good and kind," said Emily, "that I am sure they will not be very angry, when they hear that there was

no other way of saving the dear calf's life."

The little girls gave their necklaces to Molly, who promised to get as much as she could for them, and to buy with it a beautiful shawl. Next day, she set off in the stage for town, carrying with her a large bundle, which, she said, contained dresses that she was going to get altered.

Saturday evening came; the stage passed by; but Molly was not in it. The children, who had been looking out anxiously for more than an hour, were much disappointed, and they wearied themselves with conjecturing why she did not come. They went sadly to bed, hoping she would arrive in the morning.

The next day passed on, and still no Molly appeared; and the farmer said he

was now convinced she did not intend returning at all. Mrs. Jenkins went to Molly's room, and found that she had taken all her clothes with her in the bundle, which proved that the artful girl had intended not to come back.

When Mrs. Jenkins came down and told that Molly had certainly gone off to return no more, the little girls looked shocked, and Emily said, "But I am sure that she will come back; I am quite sure she will. She cannot be so wicked as to stay away forever." "Why, I suppose," said Mrs. Jenkins, "she is tired of living out in the country. But she might have told us so. I am sure we would not have tried to keep her; and we shall not trouble ourselves to get her back again, for we do not know what part of the town she has gone to, or who are her friends, and we might as well

look for a needle in a hay-stack as search for Molly in the city. I am sure she is no loss."

But the children thought their necklaces, that she had taken with her, a very great loss, as on them depended the money that was to buy the shawl. They looked out at the door, and saw the calf playing round the cow, who was licking it all over, very affectionately. "Ah! poor little calf," thought Emily; "I fear the butcher will get you at last; for Molly will never come back, and we shall have no crape shawl to save your life with."

After the little girls had gone to bed, they lay awake for a long time, and cried. "Harriet," said Emily, "how are calves killed?" "I believe," replied Harriet, "the butcher ties the poor things fast, to prevent their running away, and then cuts

their throats with a sharp knife ; and afterwards they are skinned, and cut into pieces and sold for veal." Both the children then burst into loud sobs, and at last they cried themselves to sleep.

They spent nearly all the next morning in caressing and lamenting over the calf. About noon the farmer came in, and his wife said to him, "Jacob, there is the butcher coming up the road, with his cart. Have you had Cherry put in the old field?" "Yes," said the farmer, "she is far enough off. She will not see the calf go." The two little girls then covered their faces with their hands and burst into tears, and Emily said, "O! indeed, we tried all we could to save the poor calf. We gave Molly both our coral necklaces to take to town and sell; she was to buy a beautiful pink Canton crape shawl, and bring it to Mrs. Jenk-

ins, to pay for the calf. It was the only thing we could do, for we had very little money." "O! that wicked Molly," exclaimed Harriet, "to carry off our coral necklaces, and never come back, when she knew the calf's life depended on it."

"I'll tell you what, Becky," said the farmer to his wife, "since the children take on so about it, I do not know but I'll let the calf live."

"Why," said Mrs. Jenkins, "you know the trouble and expense of raising a calf, and we are not at all in want of cows; we have plenty of them already."

"Well," replied the farmer, "a good cow never comes amiss. What signifies the five dollars I am to get for this little calf? I say it shall live. I suppose I can afford the expense of raising it, and you can afford the trouble; and I suppose, too, I can

afford to buy a woman a shawl, without letting two good little girls break their hearts about it. Come, children, wipe your eyes, and leave off crying. The butcher shall not have the calf; Becky shall have her shawl, and nobody will be the worse for this whole business, except your two selves, that have lost the red beads and lockets that the thief Molly has run away with."

The children's eyes now sparkled with joy. They danced about the room, and kissed the farmer and his wife over and over again. In a few minutes they had the happiness of hearing him tell the butcher at the gate that he had changed his mind, and intended now to raise the calf. The little girls were glad to see the butcher's cart drive off, and they watched it till it was fairly out of sight. They then ran out to

the calf, and hugged and kissed it a thousand times, telling it that it had just escaped from death ; and it was now to live on, and grow up a fine cow.

Harriet and Emily returned to the city when their school again opened.

Neither Molly nor the necklaces were ever heard of more. It was supposed that she had gone to some other town, and sold them there.

A few years after, Mr. Lovel, the father of Harriet and Emily, bought a country-house in the neighborhood of Jacob Jenkins, and purchased of the farmer a fine brown and white cow ; and his daughters had the pleasure of being supplied with milk by the very animal whose life they had caused to be saved when it was a little calf.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

"MOTHER, see what I have found!" exclaimed little Henry, running into the room where his mother was sitting at her sewing. His mother looked up from her work, and saw Henry holding in his hand a small nest made of dried grass and hair, with several little blue eggs in it. The other children crowded around their mother, to see Henry's prize.

"Are they not pretty?" said Sarah to her mother, who did not seem very much pleased.

"Very pretty, Sarah," she replied.

"But you do not seem pleased, mother," said Henry, for the first time noticing the expression of her face; **"what is the matter?"**



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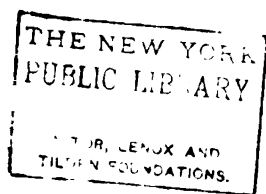
"Are they not pretty?" said Sarah to her mother, who did not seem very much interested.

"Very pretty, Sarah," she replied.

But the children do not seem pleased, notwithstanding. For the first time noticing that her mother was not smiling at her face; "what is the matter!"



THE BIRD'S NEST.



"I was only thinking, Henry," she answered, "how much prettier they would look, if you had left them in the bushes, where you found them."

"I did not find them in the bushes, but in the grass down in the meadow."

"Ah!" said his brother John, who had not spoken before, but had been looking on with the air of a philosopher, "that makes it worse; for you have not only stolen the poor bird's nest, but you have been trampling down the grass in the meadow, which has to be mown yet."

Henry hung down his head, as he saw his mother looked displeased at him.

"Why, mother," he said, at last, finding she did not speak, but still looked at him in the same manner, "you see, I was walking along the fence, when I saw the nest only a little way out in the grass, and I

did not think it would hurt the grass to walk that little bit in it."

"But your father told you not to go through it at all, Henry," said his mother.

Henry could find no answer to this, and so he was silent.

"But, mother," said Sarah, wishing to defend her brother, "John said the grass was to be mown yet. Would not the nest have been cut to pieces then? and is it not better that we should have the pretty eggs to look at, than that they should be trampled on and broken by the men?"

"But they would not have been broken," said John. "If Henry had only told the men where the nest was, they would have mowed all around it, and not touched it at all. Why, mother, yesterday I was going through Mr. Thomson's meadow, where it had been mown, and I saw a tall bunch of

grass standing up all by itself. I wondered why it was left there ; but when I came up, I found a bird's nest in it."

" Yes," said his mother, " the farmers are generally very careful not to destroy the little birds' nests. I remember once, I was looking at a farmer mowing, when all at once he stopped and put down his scythe, and ran and picked up something. When I went to see what it was, I found it was a nest with one young black-bird in it. The farmer seemed quite sorry about it; and put it in a bush by the fence, where the old birds, who were flying about and making a great fuss, could find it. And yet the black-birds do a great deal of mischief, by eating the corn which the farmer has planted, before it can come up. Children who have been brought up in the country do not often take birds' nests; only those

who, like you, have lived in the city all their lives, are apt to do this, because they do not know much about birds."

"But, mother," said Henry, "don't you do just the same? Don't you take the hens' eggs away from them?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I do, because I want the eggs to eat. God has made all these creatures for our use; but the birds' eggs are too small to be used in this way."

"But you said God had made all creatures for our use. What use are the little birds for? They are too little to be eaten, as well as their eggs."

"They please us with their pretty singing; and is it not a great deal better to leave them to grow up to sing, than to take the eggs to look at for a few minutes? for you will soon grow tired of them. Besides, you give a great deal of pain to the

old birds. When I take the eggs away from the hen, I always leave one in the nest, and she does not know the difference between one and a dozen."

"Mother," said Henry, "shall I take the nest and put it back where I found it?"

"You may," said his mother, "though I am afraid it will be of little use; for the birds are very particular about their nests. Some say that they will not have anything to do with them, if they know that they have been touched. There is a large bird in Africa, called the ostrich, which, when it finds that any of its eggs have been handled, breaks all in the nest. But still, you may put the nest back. It may be the old birds did not see you take it."

"O! yes they did, mother; for one of them flew off of the nest when I got to it, and I saw them both flying around the place when I was almost at the house."

“ Then, mother, can't we keep the nest ?”
said little Mary, — “ it is so pretty.”

“ No; for I am afraid, if I let you do that, you will take others. I like to see you admire them, but you must not take them, till the birds are done with them. So, Henry, put the nest on the fence close by where you found it. Then, whenever you pass, you will see it, and it will make you remember your fault of to-day, in disobeying your father, and taking the poor bird's nest. It will admonish you to be obedient and humane in future.”

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